"THE MOSES OF HER PEOPLE"

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO HARRIET TUBMAN, A NEGRESS.

She Was a Founder of the Underground Railroad, Personally Piloted 300 Slaves to Freedom and Served as Army Scout and Nurse in the Civil War.

AUBURN, May 1.—The negroes of America are to be asked to contribute money to found a memorial to Harriet Tubman-Davis, the former slave who was one of the founders of the "underground railroad," was a nurse and a scout in the Union army, and was the friend of many statesmen. The aged negress, now more than 90, lives on the farm which she purchased from Secretary of State Seward and on which she established six years ago a refuge for aged colored people. As a memorial to her it is proposed to expand this home into an industrial school of the type of Tuskegee and Hampton.

Some of the leaders of her race will assemble here in June next to make plans for a canvass to secure funds for buildings and endowment. Bishop C. R. Harris of Salisbury, N. C., who was here recently making preliminary arrangements, will head the meeting, and prominent negroes will be asked to establish auxiliaries to aid in the movement.

Harriet Tubman has been called the "Moses of her people" and is known as Aunt Harriet to whites and blacks alike. In many respects she is a remarkable woman. What she has done she has achieved in spite of great obstacles. Even to-day she is unable to sign her name to the occasional documents that are presented to her.

HARRIET TUBMAN DAVIS.

She was the friend of Garrison, Phillips, John Brown, Gerrit Smith, Seward, Lincoln, Frederick Douglas and many other famous men of civil war days. Her best title to a place in history lies in the wonderful manner in which for nearly ten years she conducted the underground railway by which she personally piloted over three hundred runaway slaves to freedom in Canada and elsewhere, making no fewer than nineteen trips down South in spite of the fact that in every post office and railroad car placards announced rewards for her capture.

The Legislature of Maryland offered a reward of $12,000 for her arrest and a company of slave owners, in desperation over her mysterious raids upon their plantations and the subsequent disappearance of their slaves, had offered the sum of $40,000 additional. Yet nobody ever claimed the rewards, although professional detectives spent thousands trying for the prizes and Harriet Tubman continued to make her trips "down into Egypt" until the civil war.

Harriet Tubman's age is not known. To THE SUN representative who questioned her concerning it she said:

"'Deed I don't know, sir. I'm somewhere's about ninety or ninety-five. I don't know when I was bo'n; but I'm pretty near ninety-five."

Her own guess is regarded as probably correct by Auburn's oldest citizens. How she is regarded here was shown recently when she was placed on the platform with Gen. William H. Seward when he narrated his reminiscences of Lincoln at the recent centennial celebration. She was greeted with enthusiasm as she came on the stage decked from head to foot with miniature American flags and joined in singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

She was born a slave of slave parents, Benjamin Ross and Harriet Green, in Dorchester county, Maryland, near the village of Cambridge. The year of her birth is supposed to be 1814. When 6 she was apprenticed to a weaver, but was turned out to work in the fields. When she was 12 an angry overseer one day threw a metal weight at a slave, missing him but hitting the child, then called Araminta, and fracturing her skull. She recovered, but was subject to periodic fits of insensibility for many years, and it was not until after the war that she obtained relief at the Massachusetts General Hospital. She went to this institution and demanded an operation without ether and it was successfully performed.

Little is known certainly of her early life. Harriet Beecher Stowe agreed to write Harriet Tubman's history, but the work of obtaining facts proved so difficult that failing health caused her to abandon the undertaking.

It is known that as a girl Harriet, unfitted by her injury for domestic labor, was sent out to work in the fields, doing such tasks as driving oxen, carting, ploughing and cultivating. Her physical development and strength became so great that her value in the slave market became $150, the current price of a male slave of the same age.

When she grew to womanhood she was allowed to marry a free negro, John Tubman. Her master dying, she was placed in charge of a Dr. Thompson, who acted as guardian for her owner, a minor. In 1849, five years after her marriage, Harriet's young owner died, and in the coming settling of the estate things did not look very bright for her. As she was quite equal to a man as a worker she feared purchase by a master down South, and a few days before the date set for selling the slaves Harriet Tubman resolved to run away.

She had heard that if one followed the north star it would lead to freedom, and one night Harriet stole away. She was soon in the State of Delaware, and hiding by day and going north by night she reached Wilmington, whence she was aided to Philadelphia, where the Quakers befriended her.

In 1850, confident that freedom was easy of accomplishment, she communicated with her relatives near her former home, and in December visited Baltimore, where she secretly met her sister and her two children, who were fugitives, and brought them to Philadelphia. Her success caused her to determine to get her husband to come north, and the next year she returned home in disguise seeking John Tubman. She found him wedded to another and quite oblivious of her existence, and at this point they parted forever.

She did not return North empty handed, but made a raid on the cabins near Cambridge and piloted a party of fugitives to Philadelphia. Her success caused her to engage permanently in this work, and aided by Quaker Abolitionists she obtained money and food at various places along her route.

As the slave owners had paid agents in Philadelphia she decided to establish her free slaves elsewhere and started a settlement at Cape May, N. J., in 1852. This place was successfully managed by her with the aid of Thomas Garrett, the Quaker Abolitionist of Wilmington, Del. She personally escorted 300 negroes to freedom in parties of one to nine.

The fugitive slave law enforcement made her work more difficult each year. Driven from Pennsylvania and New Jersey she came to New York. The Dred Scott decision in 1857 forced her to establish her last station on the underground in Canada. At this time Auburn came into prominence as one of the underground stations, and William H. Seward, later Lincoln's Secretary of State, was one of Harriet's best supporters, giving liberally from his private funds to pay carfare for fugitives from Auburn to Suspension Bridge, whence they got into Canada.

Harriet had many narrow escapes from capture while on her raids. Many times she sat huddled in Southern railway cars reserved to the negroes while posted over her head were placards offering large rewards for her capture.

On one occasion when she went back to her home town she saw a former overseer who knew her well coming down the street. Her quick wit had anticipated such a predicament, for on reaching the town she had purchased two chickens which she had tied together and carried along the highway. When her former overseer was quite near her she allowed one of the chickens to escape and giving chase she managed to elude close inspection and possible discovery by the approaching man.

By way of celebrating the Dred Scott decision Harriet in 1857 made one of her most important trips South when she brought her aged father and mother to freedom. They soon settled at Auburn, N. Y., out on the same street where Secretary Seward resided and on a little piece of land which he owned. There a mile out on South street from the Seward home they cultivated their little garden, and Harriet soon acquired on easy terms full possession of the property, which she still owns and lives on to-day.

She looks with satisfaction on the prospect of having her last ambition gratified in the establishing on these premises of the Harriet Tubman Home for Aged and Infirm Negroes, which she started alone six years ago by simply taking in several old members of her race and going around Auburn begging food and money for their support. The home was formally turned over by her last June to the Zion A. M. E. Church of America. Recently she broke off active participation in its management because, as she explained to the reporter:

"W'en I geb de home over to Zion Chu'ch w'at you s'pose dey done? Why, dey make a rule dat nobody should come in 'dout dey have a hundred dollahs. Now I wanted to make a rule dat nobody should come in 'niess dey didn't have no money 't all."

It appears that the trustees had required that the sum of $100 should be supplied for each inmate admitted, and Harriet had objected and was willing to go about Auburn continuing her efforts to solicit alms. At present she has become reconciled with the trustees.

The letters and papers in Harriet's possession are of interest to the historian. Since her recent marriage with Nelson Davis, who died a year ago, she has guarded these zealously. Some, she says, have been lost about the house and some of the passes she received in the civil war as a scout are almost undecipherable, owing to wear they got in war time.

Her papers include letters from the most prominent abolitionists and Generals of the civil war. These were read to her by confidential friends when she was actively engaged in anti-slavery work.

It is said that Harriet was the only woman who served unattached through the entire war as scout, spy and army nurse. She took her life in her hands many times and for her services obtained a pension from Congress a number of years ago. She is proud of the fact that she wore trousers for a time and carried musket, canteen and haversack. When in 1863 it was decided to use negro troops Harriet pleaded to be appointed an army nurse. When the famous Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers marched away from camp at Readville, Mass., under command of Col. Robert Gould Shaw, Harriet left for the South with a commission in her dress pocket from Gov. Andrew. Down at Port Royal she cooked for Col. Shaw, and dined with him too on occasion, when she had important information to impart.

When she was not acting as cook she was turned loose to browse around in the enemy's lines, where she listened and returned to repeat many things to the Union officers that they were glad to know. On one occasion she informed Major-Gen. Hunter at Hilton Head of mines planted in the river, and several gunboats sent to the scene removed a lot of torpedoes that would have smashed an expedition that about to pass over this dangerous ground.

Later Harriet went to Fort Wagner, where the "niggers from Boston" made their famous charge and Col. Shaw lost his life, and here Harriet helped to bury the dead and worked night and day among the wounded.

Harriet lived for a time at the home of Emerson in Concord and spent some time visiting the family of William Lloyd Garrison, the Alcotts, the Whitneys, Mrs. Horace Mann and Phillips Brooks. A letter written by Wendell Phillips to a woman in Auburn on June 16, 1868, says regarding Harriet Tubman:

"The last time I ever saw John Brown was under my own roof when he brought Harriet Tubman to me saying: 'Mr. Phillips, I bring you one of the best and bravest persons on the continent—Gen. Tubman, as we call her.'" Concluding, Mr. Phillips said: "In my opinion there are few Captains, perhaps few Colonels, who have done more for the loyal cause since the war began, and few men who did before that time more for the colored race than our fearless and sagacious friend Harriet."

Illustrative of Harriet's hold upon the officers of the North and their confidence in her one of her many wartime passes may be quoted showing the carte blanche privileges she enjoyed. It was issued to her by Major Gen. David Hunter at Port Royal, near Hilton Head, headquarters of the Department of the South in 1863. It reads:

Pass the bearer, Harriet Tubman, to Beaufort and back to this place, and wherever she wishes to go; and give her free passage at all times on all Government transports. Harriet was sent to me by Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, and is a valuable woman. She has permission, as a servant of the Government, to purchase such provisions from the Commissary as she may need.

DAVID HUNTER,
Major-General Commanding.

Harriet's reliance on herself is illustrated in a story told of a recent visit to Rochester, where the late Susan B. Anthony introduced Harriet to a woman suffrage audience as the "conductor of the underground railroad." Harriet said: "Yes, ladies, I waz de conductor of de underground railroad eight years, an' I kin say w'at mos' conductors can't say—dat I nebber run my train off de track an' I nebber los' a passenger!"

SCHOOLBOYS AS PRINTERS.

Printing Class of No. 43 in The Bronx Gets Out the School Paper.

The pupils of Public School No. 43 at Brown place and 135th street, The Bronx, make it a boast that they print their own school journal. The public school at Seventh avenue and Fourth street, Brooklyn, has a printing plant. It was installed by the Board of Education at a cost said to be in the neighborhood of $10,000. The new vocational school that is to be opened next September at Seventh avenue and 138th street will have a plant costnig about $2,500.

The boys of School 43 consider their case the most noteworthy of the three because it is more of a volunteer enterprise. The plant is valued at over $1,250 and was installed by funds given by friends of the schoool. As printing is not included in the regular course of study it is during study periods and after school hours that the work of getting out the sixteen page journal is accomplished by the boys.

All the members of the printing class are boys picked from the grammar grades. Eddie Licker, the sixteen-year-old foreman of the composing room, is assisted by his smaller brother, Louis. The boys who got out the last issue are Gus Robitzek, aged 13; Tommy Walsh, 12; Mitchell Repp, 13; Eddie Winsor, 14; Albert Scharf, 14; Arthur Dwyer, 13; Charley Srefel, 12, and Johnny McDonald, 12.

Fred Duncan is editor-in-chief, and is assisted by the composition editor, the humor editor, an athletic editor, who never fails to record the important services rendered by the ball team, and a society editor. The humor column is written by the children of the school. Here is sample of the humor: "What is the difference between a bombshell and a Prince?—A bombshell is thrown into the air. A Prince is heir to the throne."

The school journal has the usual staff of poets. The following poem was written by one of the girls in the graduating class:

THE DREAM OF A GRADUATE.

I dreamt I dwelt in college halls
With knowledge, great, at my side.
And of all the maids within those walls
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had honor so great, none else could boast.
On medals was writ my name;
But I also dreamt what pleased me most—
That I'd reached the Hall of Fame.

In the printing plant there are over 11,000 pounds of type, a 13 by 19 galley press, an imposing stone, ten case racks, one stitcher, a paper cutter, two drying racks and the usual furniture. When the printing class is not setting type for the paper it works on stationery, circulars and booklets that are distributed among the Mother Circle and other clubs of the school. The school journal prints advertising, and the money received for it is put into the treasury to buy type and other supplies. The circulation of the journal, which costs 3 cents a copy, is about 1,200 copies

RHODE ISLAND TO CELEBRATE

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF MAY 4, 1776.

State Recalls That Its General Assembly Acted Early in Ordering King George's Name Out of Legal Documents, and Is to Commemorate Act.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 1.—The first official observance of the anniversary of what is coming to be known as Rhode Island's declaration of independence will occur on Tuesday next, May 4. The State celebration will be confined to a salute of one hundred guns. Individuals and one or two historical associations will celebrate more extensively, and it is likely that within half a dozen years Rhode Island's own Independence Day will be as generally observed in the State as is Patriots' Day now in Massachusetts.

The Rhode Island declaration of independence took the form of an act passed May 4, 1776, by the General Assembly in the old State House in Providence, where the Citizens Historical Association will hold next Tuesday the chief celebration of the day. The act was as follows:

An act repealing an act entitled "An act for the more effectually securing to his Majesty the allegiance of his subjects in this, his Colony and dominion of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." And altering the forms of Commissions, of all writs and processes in the Courts, and of the oaths prescribed by law.

Whereas in all states existing by compact protection and allegiance are reciprocal, the latter being only due in consequence of the former; and

Whereas George the Third, King of Great Britain, forgetting his dignity, regardless of the compact most solemnly entered into, ratified and confirmed to the inhabitants of this Colony by his illustrious ancestors, and, till of late, fully recognized by him, and entirely departing from the duties and character of a good King, instead of protecting, is endeavoring to destroy the good people of this Colony, by sending fleets and armies to America to confiscate our property, and spread fire, sword and desolation throughout our country, in order to compel us to submit to the most debasing and detestable tyranny, whereby we are obliged by necessity, and it becomes our highest duty, to use every means with which God and nature have furnished us, in support of our inviolable rights and privileges, to oppose that power which is exerted only for our destruction.

Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly, and by the authority thereof it is enacted, that an act entitled "An act for the more effectually securing to his Majesty the allegiance of his subjects in this his colony and dominion of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations" be, and the same hereby is repealed.

And be it further enacted by this General Assembly, and by the authority thereof it is enacted, that in all commissions for offices, Civil and Military, and in all writs and processes in law, whether original, judicial or executory, civil or criminal, whereon the name and authority of the said King is made use of, the same shall be omitted, and in the room thereof, the name and authority of the Governor and Company of this Colony shall be substituted in the following words, to wit: The Governor and Company of the English Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

That all such commissions, writs and processes shall be otherwise of the same form and terms as they heretofore were; that the Courts of Law be no longer entitled nor considered as the King's Courts; and that no instrument in writing, of any nature or kind, whether public or private, shall, in the date thereof, mention the year of said King's reign.

Provided, nevertheless, that nothing in this act contained shall render void or vitiate any commission, writ, process or instrument heretofore made or executed, on account of the name and authority of the said King being therein inserted.

This act, while not specifically a declaration of independence in the strict definition of the term, constitutes an abjuration of fealty to Great Britain. With a full understanding that its adoption must be interpreted as an act of rebellion, the upper house of the General Assembly was unanimous for it, while in the House of Deputies only six members voted against it.

Rhode Island had previously committed acts of rebellion against the British authorities. In her waters occurred one of the most flagrant of the early attacks upon the ruling power.

This was in July, 1769, when the British armed sloop Liberty brought into Newport two Connecticut vessels charged with illicit trading. On the evening of July 17 the sloop's captain when on the wharf at Newport was forced to order all of his men, with the exception of the first officer, ashore, after which the citizens took charge of the Liberty, ran her on the rocks and scuttled her and burned her small boats. The two Connecticut vessels promptly made their escape and Gov. Wanton's offer of a reward for the apprehension of the men who had destroyed the King's property was never claimed.

The Rhode Island merchants too entered into the same agreement in force in other Colonies to abstain from importing goods upon which Great Britain had imposed the obnoxious duties, and three months after the Boston tea party of December, 1773, the citizens of Providence engaged in a similar diversion.

The Providence tea party was free from the secrecy and disguises which characterized that of Boston. On March 1, 1774, the town crier paraded the streets of Providence giving voice to this announcement:

"At 5 of the clock this afternoon a quantity of India tea will be burnt in the market place. All true friends of their country, lovers of freedom and haters of shackles and handcuffs are hereby invited to testify their good disposition by bringing in and casting into the fire a needless herb which for a long time hath been highly detrimental to our liberty, interest and health."

At the hour named a fire was started in Market Square upon which were cast a tar barrel, a copy of Lord North's speech and other objectionable material, after which men and women fed the flames with contributions from their household supplies to the amount of about 300 pounds of tea.

The Providence *Gazette* reported that there was "great cheerfulness in committing to destruction so pernicious an article," and continued: "Whilst the tea was burning a spirited Son of Liberty went along the streets with his brush and lampblack and obliterated or unpainted the word tea on the shop signs."

The battle of Lexington found the Rhode Islanders ready to lend their active assistance in the patriot cause. When the General Assembly gathered in the old State House at Providence in May, 1776, it was ready for any radical step.

The crisis was precipitated by Col. Jonathan Arnold, a member of the House of Deputies from Providence. He was then only 25, yet a man of mark in the colony—a man of family and property, a physician, a teacher, clerk of the Superior Court and destined to become Chief Justice of Vermont and a member of the Governor's Council.

The act was not accepted without debate. Before afternoon milking time of May 4, however, it had been adopted, and Rhode Island gained the distinction of leading the Colonies in open revolt against the Crown.

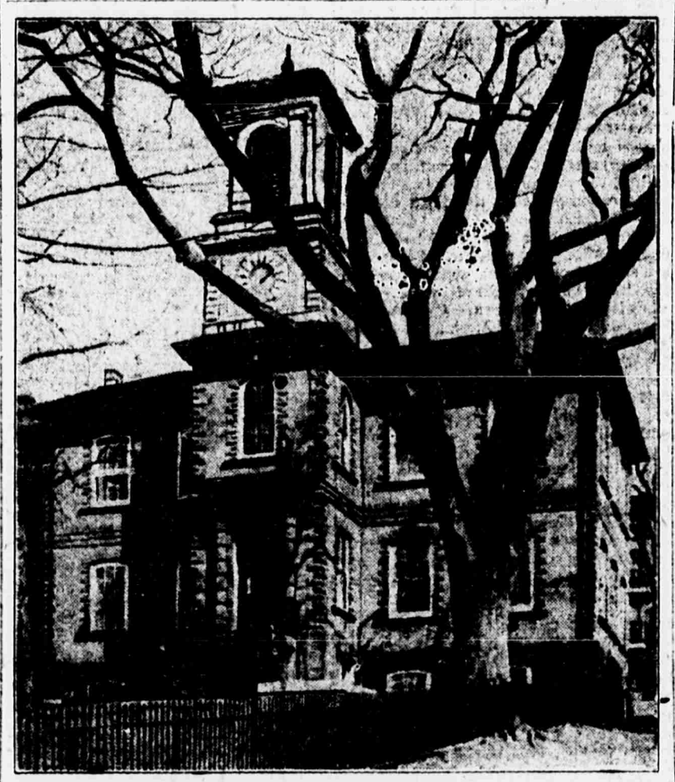
Why Rhode Island has allowed so many years to elapse before claiming all the glory there is in this performance is not clear. It is possible that even this year's official tribute of gun power might not be paid but for James S. Slater.

Mr. Slater is town clerk of North Smithfield, and is, like every second native Rhode Islander, an amateur historian. For several years he was in the habit of unfurling to the breeze on May 4 as large an American flag and as handsome a State flag as he could get, and when some of his neighbors asked the reason he would explain that it was Rhode Island independence day.

This custom did not appear to make much of an impression outside of Mr. Slater's immediate neighborhood until one year when a reporter happened to learn about the celebration and wrote a story about it. That was four years ago. The next year the Rhode Island Citizens Historical Association of Providence got busy early on plans for a celebration of its own. It had an orator and the usual fixings.

Two years ago this programme was amplified. The Governor and the Speaker of the House of Representatives were present and the "Declaration of Independence" was read. Last year there was a similar celebration. Then the General Assembly passed an act ordering a salute of 100 guns on every May 4.

This is as far as the matter has gone up to date, but it is expected that some of these days the whole of Rhode Island will observe the State holiday with Marathons, baseball games, shore dinners and all that sort of thing, and the stores and mills will all be closed.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE AT PROVIDENCE, WHERE RHODE ISLAND'S ACT OF INDEPENDENCE WAS ADOPTED.

ON A PAY AS YOU ENTER CAR.

The Lady Inside Who Wanted a Transfer and the Obliging Conductor.

You must get your transfer nowadays when you pay your fare, that's one thing; but there are still courteous, obliging and able conductors, and that's another.

Aboard a Madison avenue pay as you enter car came a woman with bundles—about a million bundles—but managing somehow to hold between her finger tips a nickel, which she handed to the conductor; after which she passed on into the car and sat down.

Once seated—perhaps she hadn't wanted to bother about it when with all those bundles to hold she first stepped on the car—it occurred to the lady that she wanted a transfer; and now she called aloud, the rear door of the car being open, to the conductor standing out there in his place on the rear platform, which he couldn't leave:

"Conductor, I want a transfer."

Now that, to the other passengers in the car who had seen the lady seat herself and had heard her call, seemed to present right away a problem; for how could the conductor leave his place to bring her a transfer and how could she get one if he didn't? Just then a man stepped upon the rear platform and handed the conductor a nickel and the next moment the conductor handed to this man a transfer and said to him:

"Will you kindly hand this to the lady?"

"What?" said this gentleman, not understanding.

"To the lady with the bundles about half way down the left hand side as you go in," said the conductor.

"Why, certainly," said the gentleman.

Which shows that where there's a will there's a way, and also that all's well that ends well.

French Village Ruled by Women.

From the London Standard.

In the village of Froissy, near Paris, nearly all the important posts are filled by women. Passengers alighting at the railway station are met by a woman, who is stationmaster, while her husband is only a guard.

A barber shop bears the notice that "Mlle. Jeanne" will "henceforth shave her customers only on Tuesdays and Fridays, as she has undertaken other work." At the post office the local telegraph messenger and postman, "Mme. Lesobre," is met. She walks on an average twenty miles a day. The municipal drummier is a woman in her ninetieth year.

LOSING THE TAXICAB MAN

WOMEN MORE TO BE FEARED AS CUSTOMERS THAN MEN.

Side Doors of Shops Their Favorite Means of Avoiding the Payment of Fare—Some Brave It Out—Men Who Don't Pay Often Merely Forgetful.

This taxicab chauffeur was telling about how some folks after riding in his vehicle try to lose him.

"If a taxi shuff had as many eyes as a fly he'd get the bee put on him just so often," was his way of beginning it, "and he never has any way of telling by looking at 'em which of the cushion lollers is going to hand it to him. Those that look squarest are often slipperyest.

"Women are the smoothest at the taxi beating gag. Only a few days ago I was scuttling along Thirty-fourth street to slip into Broadway when a swaggerino woman of 40 or so togged like a Daughter of Something or Other on big spooch day gave me the beckoning finger. She was for a shopping trip, she told me, and named the first place that she wanted me to glide her to. She looked like all the money this side of Buffalo.

"It was about 11:30 A. M. when I took her aboard, and I skidded her around to all of the department stores on the big buy beat. She didn't spend more than twenty minutes or so in any of 'em until along toward 2 o'clock she landed in a big plant. When she stuck in there for about three-quarters of an hour I began to get just a little fretty.

"There's a side way out of this department store, and I hate plants that 've got these side doors. An hour passed and still she didn't pop. Began to look pretty bad then, and so just to give myself a kind of a run for the coin I went into the store to look for her.

"I saw her writing letters in a little pavilion near the middle of the ground floor. That tossed a gleam of comfort into me, but still I didn't feel safe about the thing, for it isn't like a woman, even if she's got a Rockefeller wad, to sit down and twiddle with a pen at the letter writing gag when she's got any kind of a coin costing vehicle waiting.

"So, just to see, kind o', where I stood, I mooched up the stairs to the little gallery where she sat writing letters, and giving her the brim touch to the cap says to her:

"'Want me to keep on waiting, lady?'

"'How?' she asked me, looking up from her writing, as if she'd never clapped a lamp on me in her life before.

"'D'ye want me to stick around?' I asked her again, but from the way she'd answered me the first time I had a hunch that I was in bad

"'Stick around?' she asked me, her eyes widening and her voice as hard as nails. 'What are you talking about, my good man? I do not understand.'

"Then I knew that I was on a dead one. It was rawer in her case because, you see, she'd had plenty of chance to beat it out of the store without my seeing her; but she was so dead confident that she had me where I wouldn't be able to do anything about it that she just stayed around that store as long as she felt like it, knowing that I'd probably be in to look her up, so there now!

"'I mean, lady,' says I, 'the taxicab that you engaged from me more than three hours ago, and you know that that's what I mean. If you don't want it any longer, will you pay me now?'

"'Taxicab that I engaged from you?' said she, looking me right plumb in the wicks and never batting an eye. 'Why, fellow, are you insane? Or is this some outrageous scheme to terrorize me into giving you money,' and she looked around as if she meant to call somebody to have me tossed out.

"Of course there wasn't any manner of doubt then that she was a taxi beat, and the only thing for me to do was to toss in my last card.

"'I'll have to pay the company out of my own pocket for the three hours and more that I've had you out,' I said to her, 'and that'll put a dent in me for more than a whole day's work.'

"Did that get to her? Did she hand me the sympathetic gaze than and say she was only fooling and all like that?

"Yes, she did—not. She got up, picked up her bundles from the desk, swished by me, saying something about complaining to the manager of the store for permitting her to be annoyed in that manner, and down the aisle and out the front door she beat it, leaving me standing on the steps of the writing gallery looking after her like a yap.

"Now, there was no way for me to beat her game. She had it on me plumb. All she had to do in case I made a roar to a cop or anybody was to say that it was a case of mistaken identity and her word would've been better than mine a million to one, for you see everybody in this town hates a taxi shuff. I don't know why everybody hates a taxi shuff, but that's the answer all the same.

"I hadn't been handing her any of the slow music stuff, either, when I told her that I'd have to make good to the company for the time I'd had her out. I owed the company money, instead of the company owing me anything, when I turned in my wagon at the end of that day's work. The same kind of an uppercut was handed to me by a woman wearing a dress that I couldn't earn enough to pay for in four months, and she was fumbling a gold vanity case studded all over with diamonds and rubies.

"Most of the women who do me just ride around as long as they feel like it, getting out to visit this store and that, and then at the windup they always pick out a store that's got all kinds of side door exits, and they just beat it and leave me out in front kicking my heels and wondering if I'm due to be salted away as a Patsy again.

"Pretty often they'll have me take 'em at the finish to one of these department stores that've got a covered passageway leading from the store to the elevated railroad, and that of course let's them turn the trick without any kind of trouble at all. A few weeks ago I got sloughed by a woman who allowed me to skid her around the shops for more than five hours, and then she did the disappearing Delia thing on me by lamming through one of those store to elevated passageways.

"She was a kind of a gay looking proposition, and about three days later I piped her with a swell gink up around Forty-second street. So I decided to take a chance on collecting.

"'Excuse me, lady,' says I to her, 'but you forgot to hand me anything for that five hour ride I gave you in my taxi three days ago.'

"She flushed up, but she looked at me as if I was a water bug.

"'Why, what do you mean, you impertinent ruffian?' she hands me. 'How dare you——'

"'Easy has it, little one,' says the toppy gink with her, and I could see that he'd been staking her to the funny gaze from the minute that I stepped in front of 'em and opened up that spiel. 'Been doing that old ride stealing thing again, have you? Well, if you're asking me, heart of gold, I call that pretty cheap and nasty and the next time you pull that stuff and I find it out I'm going to work up a real rude peeve on you, that's what I'm going to do. Tut, tut—never mind that swelling up thing. I know that this man is right and that you tried to prong him, and did prong him, and there's no use in your trying to stake me to that you wrong me sort of stuff.'

"Then he turned to me.

"'How much did she swing you for, bo?' he asked me like a sport.

"I told him, and he dug into his kajeans and broke out a cucumber wad and peeled me enough to pay the bill and two bones over, which he nodded to me to keep. That was a lucky break for me, but I don't often have that kind. Most of the women who hand me the gouge get away with it without any comeback.

"It's only once in a great while that a he proposition gets into a taxi with the deliberate idea of staking a shuff to a kick in the slats on the money thing. Most of the men folks that hand it to us are rums who really don't mean to beat the shuff, but forget all about the wagon that they've left standing out in front and beat it somewhere else on foot.

"I used to gather in a lot of rums in the Tenderloin when I worked on the night shift, and it wasn't any uncommon thing for them to have me take 'em to a hotel to do the sleep it off thing. I'd never know whether they intended to come out again or not, and generally the pickles resent being asked questions like that.

"So I'd sort of sidle along when they mooched into the hotel and put their names down, and when I saw 'em make for the elevator, with a bellhop leading the way, I'd spring over and stick 'em for the coin thing, or if they looked like the sure enough right kind I'd let 'em go their way and merely tell the night clerk how long I'd had them out in my wagon. Nearly every time when I'd clatter around at going on time the next evening to find out about things I'd learn that the rum who'd neglected to pay me had left the dust with the night clerk. And when the money hadn't been left that way I always had an even money chance of seeing my rums on the street sooner or later and getting the change from them when I stuck 'em up for it.

"A month or so ago I had a big breezy looking glug, a Western man, out from 7 in the evening until 2 in the morning, and I wound him up at a Turkish bath in the Tenderloin. When I asked him to come through after he'd registered his name he could only hand me the mumble. So I decided to drop around a few hours later and see if I couldn't spring the duff he owed me after he'd got boiled out a bit.

"I snagged a couple that wanted to go down to Long Island, and I didn't get back to the neighborhood of the Turkish bath till 7 in the morning. The clerk of the Turk bath told me that my man was still asleep and that he wouldn't wake him up. I told the clerk the amount of my bill and he made a note of it and said that he knew my man and that he was perfectly good for it.

"So I didn't drop around again till late that evening. Man was still doing the slumber stuff, the clerk told me. Well, to chop, I dropped around there two more nights in succession and my Western rum was still pounding his ear in the Turkish bath.

"On the third night I just happened to skid up when he was coming down the steps all prinked up and sober as an owl, and he'd left the coin, nearly seventeen bucks, with the clerk for me. Said to me that he didn't remember ever having been in a taxicab in his life, but that if I said he'd been in a taxi seventeen dollars worth, why, I must know more about it than he did, and it was all right.

"Most of the he ginks who try to saw one off on a taxi shuff endeavor to pull it when they're leaving town. They used to get away with that on me, but no more, bo, no more.

"The gag was to hail a taxi and be shot down to one of the ferry stations, and then say to the shuff 'I'm just going to wheeze in to buy some Pullman tickets and I'll be right out in a minute, so wait here for me,' and then they'd rattle into the ferry station and connect with the first ferryboat out, and the taxi'd have to hammer his shoes against the cobblestones and wonder what for, and finally come out of it and find that he was holding the burlap.

"I nibbled on that one quite a few before I woke up. Now, whenever I take a man or woman to a ferry station and they try to slip me that old comedy that they're only going in to get some tickets and that they're going to be right back in a minute, so wait for 'em, please, why I know then and there that they're meditating giving me a kick in the ear, and I drop right off the cart and follow 'em into the ferry house, and it's the pickles to see how sour they look when they find me falling in lockstep right behind 'em.

"I never fail, either, when they dig into the bundle and hand me what's coming to me, to sort o' grin in their teeth, just to let 'em know that I'm Jerry to the elope thing they intended to pull on me, and that doesn't make 'em feel any more like contributing to any home for crippled chauffeurs, either.

"It's the women, though, who do most of the bilking of the taxi shuffs. I'd rather think than not that they imagine it to be funny, as they imagine smuggling and all like that is funny, but my private opinion is that women really are more on the do thing than men and that they're only now beginning to get found out."

RARE CAGE BIRDS.

Varieties From Asia and Africa That Are Growing Popular.

Lovers of cage birds have hitherto confined their attention chiefly to the canary, the parrot and the mocking bird. Now, however, there is a tendency to acquire rare varieties and dealers are preparing to meet this novel demand.

The bulbul is among the feathered pets now in demand in this country. "A few bulbuls have been hitherto brought from India," said a bird dealer. "These have not included, however, the bulbul of Persia, the Oriental counterpart of the European nightingale but gifted with a richer, sweeter and more plaintive song."

The hill minas of India sometimes eclipse parrots in their lingual abilities, yet very few have been imported into the United States. They now retail at $17 apiece. Japanese robins, sometimes called Pekin nightingales by English aviculturists, are peculiarly colored—dark and greenish with distinctive yellow and orange on breast, bill and wings. They are easy to keep, possess a sweet and musical song and have a song period lasting ten months.

The skill of Japanese breeders is also shown in several varieties of cage birds that are coming into notice in this country. A pure white variety and a buff and white variety of one species—the Japanese nun, also known as bengalee or mannikin—bear testimony to the assiduity of the Japanese fanciers. Nuns are small birds of different species, such as the black headed and tri-colored nuns, the spice-bird or chestnut finch and others. Most of them have more or less dark brown in the coloring.

Cage birds from Africa are notable for beauty of plumage rather than song. The African weaver in addition to attractive coloring offers a striking exhibition of his skill in the art that has given him his name. At nesting time they furnished with worsted or other suitable material the birds will weave this in and out of the wires of their cage, making neat and compact examples of their handiwork. Bishops and Madagascar weavers are brilliant red and black in coloring, cutthroats have a band of red across the throat from which is derived the name and whidah birds (sometimes but incorrectly called widow birds) have extremely long tails.

Waxbills form a family of African cage birds which are just beginning to attract fashionable notice. These include the dainty little cordon bleu or crimson eared waxbill, various species of silverbills and several other kinds. The violet eared waxbill, a bird of radiant prismatic beauty, though for some years past popular in Europe, has just been brought to this country. Edelsingers or African gray singers are an African species with a pleasing song.

Lady goldfinches from Australia have hitherto been extremely rare in this country, although they are said to reach the highest point of beauty and elegance attained by any of the smaller cage birds of the world. These birds tame readily, are not pugnacious with cage mates and exhibit many individualities of disposition. Among their accomplishments is an interesting and graceful little dance.